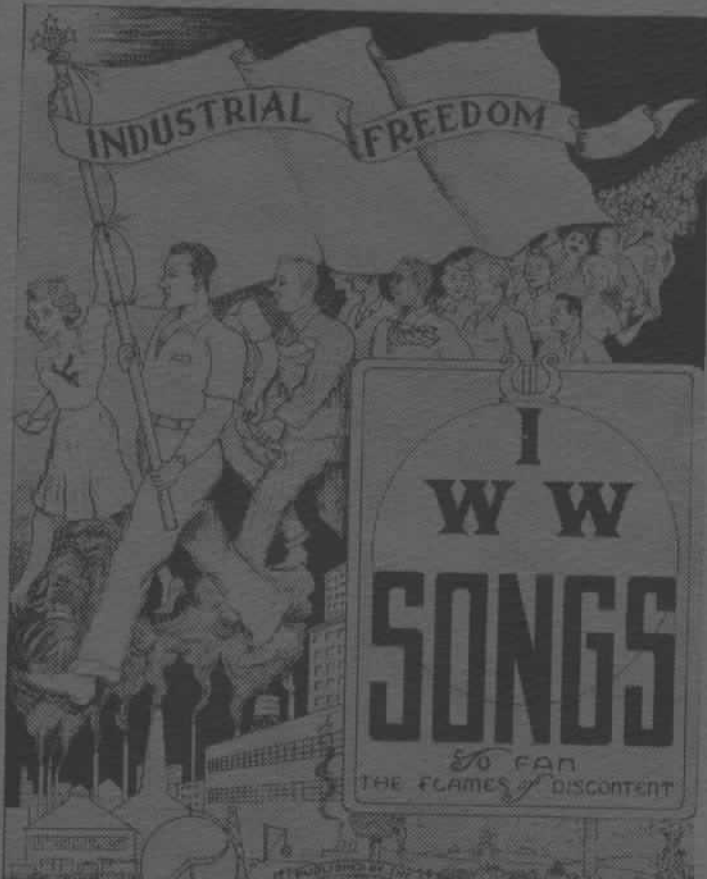




INDUSTRIAL FREEDOM

I
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SONGS

SO FAR
THE FLAMES OF DISCONTENT

Industrial Workers of the World

PREAMBLE OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

SONGS of the workers

TO FAN THE FLAMES OF DISCONTENT

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There Is Power In A Union

(Tune: There Is Power In The Blood)
(by Joe Hill) (1913 edition)

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,
Then join in the grand Industrial band;
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,
Then come, do your share, like a man.

[Chorus] *There is pow'r, there is pow'r
In a band of workingmen,
When they stand hand in hand,
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r
That must rule in every land –
One Industrial Union Grand.*

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,
And live in a shack, way in the back?
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly,
And starve here with rags on your back? [chorus]

If you've had 'nuf of the "blood of the lamb"
Then join in the grand Industrial band;
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,
Then come, do your share, like a man. [chorus]

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,
Then don't organize, all unions despise.
If you want nothing before you are dead,
Shake hands with your boss and look wise. [chorus]

Come, all ye workers, from every land,
Come, join in the grand Industrial band;
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.
Come on! Do your share, like a man. [chorus]

Hallelujah, I'm A Bum!

(Tune: Revive Us Again)

[Hobo parody of the last century, adapted by Spokane IWW
winter of 1908 for use on song card of that year, preceding
songbooks]

O, why don't you work
Like other men do?
How in hell can I work
When there's no work to do?

[Chorus] *Hallelujah, I'm a bum!
Hallelujah, bum again!
Hallelujah, give us a handout
To revive us again.*

O, why don't you save
All the money you earn?
If I did not eat
I'd have money to burn. [chorus]

O, I like my boss –
He's a good friend of mine;
That's why I am starving
Out in the breadline. [chorus]

I can't buy a job
For I ain't got the dough,
So I ride in a box-car
For I'm a hobo. [chorus]

Whenever I get
All the money I earn
The boss will be broke
And to work he must turn. [chorus]